

# ARGALUS

AND

## PARTHENIA.

As it hath been Acted at the Court  
before their MAJESTIES:

AND

At the Private-House in DRURY-  
LANE,

By their MAJESTIES Servants.

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By HEN. GLAPTHORNE.

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ARGENTUS

AND

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## The Persons.

Argalus, *beloved of Parthenia.*

Demagoras, *a Suiter to Parthenia.*

Kalander, *her uncle.*

Amphialus, *a Noble Lord.*

Philarchus, *an Arcadian Lord.*

Chrysalea, *Mother to Parthenia.*

Parthenia.

Clitophon, *an inconstant Shepherd.*

Strephon, *a foolish swaine.*

Alexis, *another swaine.*

*A servant to Demagoras.*

Sapho, *a Poeticall Shepherdesse.*

Aminta.

Florida.

Castalia.

} *Nymphes.*

## The Persons.

Agabus, brother of Parthenia.  
Demogoras, a slave to Parthenia.  
Kalandos, her uncle.  
Amphichus, a Noble Lord.  
Iphichus, a Noble Lord.  
Chrysiades, a Noble Lord.  
Parthenia.  
Climachus, a Noble Lord.  
Sappho, a Noble Lord.  
Anaxagoras.  
Sappho, a Noble Lord.  
Anaxagoras.  
Sappho, a Noble Lord.  
Anaxagoras.  
Sappho, a Noble Lord.  
Anaxagoras.





# ARGALUS

## AND PARTHENIA.

*Actus I. Scena I.*

DEMAGORAS, PHILARCHUS.



Rge this no more, 'tis troublesome.

*Philar.* My Lord, though I affect you  
Almost with that Religion I do our Gods, yet  
The constant motion of my will does fixe  
On noble *Argalus*, and I confesse  
His gracious merit challenges a wife,

Faire as *Parthenia*, did she staine the East,  
When the bright morne hangs day upon her cheeks  
In chaines of liquid pearle.

*Demagoras.* I must confesse,  
I have not studied the nice rules of love,  
Nor can with flattering eloquence adore  
A Ladies ayery shadow, court her smiles

B

with

*Argalus and Parthenia.*

With adoration, or with supple knees  
 Cringe like an humorous dancer, when the ayre  
 Play's with her hayre, or fret to see the Sun  
 Be over sawcy with her cheeks or lips:  
 I speake this to my glory; the big War  
 Has been my mistris, where intented fields  
 When I have seen a moving grove of Pikes  
 Advanc'd as if the splendor of their heads  
 Meant to obscure the Sun-beams, gore the clouds  
 Till they wept bloud, and heard the fiery horse  
 Neighing destruction to an host of men,  
 From their hot nostrils: there I did command  
 With ample Fortune; and to be repuls'd  
 In an effeminate Skirmish, wounds my soule  
 Worse than a quiver of sharp Parthian shafts  
 Could prejudice my body.

*Philar.* I could wish  
 Both for your present peace, and to secure  
 Your future quiet, you had still confin'd  
 Your disposition to that war-fare; this  
 Is far more dangerous: He that means to win  
 Loves bloodlesse battails, must be strong in teares,  
 Marshall his Army in a Field of Sighes,  
 Have for his Ensigne beauty in his looks,  
 Under which colours ought to march kind smiles  
 As ablest Soldiers in the van. Smooth vowes,  
 And amorous oathes will batter Ladies hearts,  
 Sooner than slings or iron rams demolish  
 Resisting Citadels.

*Demag.* Canst thou conceit,  
 That I *Demagoras*, to whose very name  
 Laconian Matrons have with early haste,  
 Payd tributary vowes, her choyest mayds  
 Have left *Pans* Orgies to present soft Hymns  
 To th' honour of my merit, can decline  
 So much my great soule, as with forc'd intreats  
 To beg *Parthenias* mercy; let tame fooles

Such



*Argalus and Parthenia.*

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Such as have hearts scarce fit to furnish Doves,  
Or spleenlosse Lambs with courage, intercede  
For female favours by submissive prayers;  
My resolution grounded on the worth  
Of my desert, shall with her mothers power  
Inforce *Parthenia*, were she cold as ayre  
In its most subtle motion, to become  
In her affection fervent as the day,  
That she was borne in, was to gawdy light,  
Or ruine her best comforts,

*Enter Chrisaclea.*

*Chrisa.* I am faine to be  
Your most industrious advocate: my Daughter  
Thinks she offends in each familiar looke  
Bestowd on manhood, but I hope that Time  
And Counsell may convert her to become  
Loves profelyte,

*Demag.* Shee's that already Madam,  
Or *Argalus* durst not without consent,  
And patronage from her, rivall my love;  
But if the boy oppose me in a thought,  
Borrow a smile, or pay an amorous glance  
As tribute to her eyes, were he defend'd,  
With some light bogge, that dances to the winds  
Loud whistling Musick, I would dart a frowne  
Should ravish his mortality into Ayre,  
For the presumption.

*Chrisa.* 'Tis my Lord,  
This rough demeanor (though it speake you man)  
Declares a spirit full of fire, which does fright  
*Parthenia's* softnesse: Virgins loves are wone  
(Like Heavens compassion) by submissive prayers.  
'Tis not the brave relation of a fight,  
Can move the milde brest of a tender mayd

To ought but terrour; she will start at sight  
 Of scars though bought with honor, bleed in teares,  
 When wounds are mention'd; for Lord *Argalus*  
 His affable and courtly carriage calls  
 Respective blushes into the bashfull cheeks  
 Of every Virgin, that my daughters bound  
 By a due Justice, to esteeme his worth,  
 With more than common curtesie, yet my will  
 Seconded by a Mothers kind intreats,  
 Shall work upon her duty to accept  
 You'l as her servant.

*Demag.* Servant, Lady;  
 What mortall foole ambitious to out-vie  
 The Gods in honour, dare presume to hope  
 That glorious title from me? have I stood  
 (When armies timorous of a generall death,  
 Quaking with Panick horror, have invok'd  
 Divine assistance) fearlesse, and not deem'd  
 Heavens power deserving a religious prayer,  
 After so many Trophees as may clayme  
 Each its particuler star, to be esteem'd  
 A servant to a woman.

*Philar.* Nay, my good Lord.

*Demag.* Persuade the girle  
 T'attire like *Juno* in a dresse of clouds  
 Her beauteous head; put off her human Earth  
 For Immortality, and atchieve a seat  
 Due to the Queen of Heaven, that with regard  
 The humble Senate of the petty Gods,  
 And Goddesses may tremblingly adore  
 The sparkling Majesty, yet were my will  
 Not satisfied by voluntary gift  
 Of her affection, my great soule would scorne it,  
 Worse than the proffered service of a Slave.

*Enter*



*Argalus and Parthenia.*

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*Enter Parthenia.*

*Chry.* See my Daughter,  
My Lord, loose not this opportunity,  
You shall have place, and leasure, for my presence  
Shall be no detriment to your purpose. *Exit.*

*Demag.* Now Lady,  
Are you in haste, or do you slight a presence  
May challenge your observance? I am come,  
Confident of my merit, to informe you  
You ought to yeeld me the most strict regard  
Your love can offer.

*Parth.* Sir, I am not  
(Though I affect not selfe conceited boast)  
So ignorant of my worth, but I deserve  
From him who will enjoy me, a respect  
More faire and Courtlike.

*Demag.* The blunt phrase of war  
Is my accustom'd language, yet I can  
Tell you yo'ar handsome, and direct your looks  
With a becomming posture; I must speake  
In the Heroick Dialect, as I use  
To court *Bellona*, when my high desires  
Ayme at a glorious victory.

*Phi.* You'l scarce  
Conquer a Lady with this sterne discourse,  
*Mars* did not wooe the Queen of Love in Armes,  
But wrapt his batter'd limbs in Persian silks,  
Or costly Tyrian Purples, speak in smiles,  
To win her tempting beauty.

*Demag.* I'll bring on  
Well-manag'd troops of Souldiers to the fight,  
Draw big battaliaes, like a moving field  
Of standing Corne, blown one way by the wind  
Against the frighted enemy; the Van  
Shall save the Rere a labour, and by me  
Marshald, shall fold bright conquest in the curles.

Of their conducting Ensignes, while grim Death  
 Shall on the feather'd arrows with more haste,  
 Then on his own shafts, fly upon the foe;  
 While the shrill Trumpet, and each piercing Fife  
 Shall sing their Dirges, and the hoarse mouth'd Drums,  
 Wars fatall bells, with surly noyse proclayme  
 Their soddaine funerall: This brave resolve  
 Vanquish'd my steele wing'd Goddesse, and ingag'd  
 Peneian *Daphne*, who did fly the Sun,  
 Give up to willing ravishment, her boughes  
 T' invest my awfull front, and this shall prostrat  
 Spight of all opposition, your nice soule  
 To my commanding merit,

*Par.* These high tearms, were apt to fright an enemy, or beget  
 Terror in flinty bosoms: Can you think  
 A timorous Virgin, can affect her feare,  
 Yeld the security of her peace and life,  
 To the protection of her horror. You must not perswade my  
 thoughts that you who vary so the Scene of love, can act it  
 perfectly.

*Demag.* Slighted in this: 'tis a contempt inhumane, and  
 deserves my utinost scorne.

*Enter Chriſaclea.*

*Chri.* Nay may most honor'd Lord, be not transported with  
 a needlesse rage, 'tis but her childish folly. *Parthenia*  
 You have done ill to entertaine a man  
 Of such an absolute worth, with such a meane *Exeunt Dema.*  
 Regardlesse value; you must alter this *and Philar.*  
 Neglectfull temper, or my anger will  
 Surpasse my naturall love, and I shall chide  
 Your too affected nicenesse.

*Parth.* Gracious Madam  
 The zealous duty which religious laws,  
 Teaches me owe my parents, would inflict  
 A heavy curse for disobedient guilt,

Upon



Upon my Innocence, should I transgresse  
Th' intention of your honourable will,  
In what I can obey it.

*Chri.* Then in this  
You are resolv'd t' usurp the priviledge  
Of your discretion: and not fulfill  
My will in the disposall of your love.

*Parth.* Yes with that freedom that I would to Heaven  
Tender my best obedience; but since love  
Is by example and discourse allow'd  
Reasons superior, it must be esteem'd  
Above all duty.

*Chri.* Yet there ought to be  
Consent attain'd from those whose power sh'ud guide  
Their childrens youth and actions.

*Parth.* 'Tis confest,  
But not except it justly sympathise  
With their affection: you would have suffred  
A conflict in your peace, had you been forc'd,  
When your free will had yeelded up your heart,  
My fathers choyse, to've had it ravish'd back,  
And in despite of your resolve confer'd  
Upon another.

*Chri.* I was not so childish  
To contradict my parents, but subscrib'd  
To their discretions, as I would advise,  
You would obey mine, and yeeld consent  
To wed *Demagoras*.

*Parth.* What can your Wisdome  
Behold in him, (if with impartiall Eyes  
You would survey his quality) that should ingage  
Your inclination to inforce my love,  
Besides the native fiercenesse of his looks  
Apter to fright a Lady, than beget  
Fancy: his courtships cloth'd in angry threats,  
As if that Love were turn'd a Souldier,  
And had unyok'd her teeme of spleenlesse Doves,

To

To have her Chariot drawn by ravenous Wolves,  
Tygres, or trecherous Leopards, had put off  
Her wreath of harmlesse Mirtle to invest  
Her brow with Yew or Cipresse.

*Chri.* This excuse  
Proceeds not from his merit, but your love  
To *Argalus*, a stranger only known  
For his brisk Courtship, the Queen supports  
His wavering Fortune, he depends on her,  
And should she faile by death, his utmost hopes  
Embrace'd a suddaine ruine.

*Parth.* *Argalus*,  
Were he more abject in his fate than your  
Imagination could conceit, deserv'd  
My Equalst fancy; in his youthfull looks  
Sits a divinity able to inchant  
Queenes to admire, nay to adore his worth,  
Continued smiles make Summer on his cheeks,  
At his bright Eyes does Cupid warme his wings,  
When he intends to fly at Womens hearts;  
Musick and rich perfumes are in his breath,  
Aptly resembling aromatique winds,  
That sing the Phenix Exequies.

*Chris.* Can my daughter  
So much decline the greatnesse of her spirit,  
Hereditary to her bloud,  
To affect a person meerly for his smiles,  
Effeminate carriage without any prooffe  
Of manly valour in him.

*Parth.* You mistake  
His character, though he can tread in peace  
An ayery measure to the warbling Lute,  
Demeane his actions with that sweet deceit  
Can cosen Ladies of their soules, yet when  
The glorious war does summon him to th' field,  
He does excell in feats of active armes  
The ablest youth of Arcady; instructs



Old Souldiers Martiall discipline, that those  
Who had beheld his sweetnesse in the Court,  
Pussed in Faith, believed that conquering Mars  
Had cloth'd his fiercenesse in a *Cupids* shape,  
To vanquish some more beautious prize than was  
The blind Gods mother.

*Chri.* 'Tis offensive, I'll heare no more of this.

*Parth.* Thus I'me inforc'd to prove,  
Dead to obedience if I live to love.

*Chri.* Your nicenesse  
Must not excuse the due respects we beare  
The Lord *Demagoras*; if the shepherds be prepar'd,  
They shall present their mirth to expell his melancholy.

*Exeunt Chris. & Parth.*

*Scena 2.*

*Clitophon. Strephon.*

*Strep.* Pish, you'r as fierce as an aspen leafe you wag every  
way.

*Clitop.* I'll tell thee honest *Strephon*, I  
No more affect a woman than the Sky  
Does Birds that sore in it, they are as vaine  
Inconstant as the flying showers of raine  
In Aprill *Strephon*.

*Strep.* The more dissembling fellow you: why do you pro-  
test to every Wench you see, you are inamor'd on her: why  
you should see, and seeing ought to imitate your betters, *Clit-*  
*ophon*, ther's not a Lasse  
That trips nimbly ore the Arcadian grasse,  
When shee does faire *Strephon* veiw,  
Though I fly, but will pursue,  
Throw her eyes out on my shape,

C

Call

Call me Pigfny, pretty Ape;  
 Some there are that doe suppose  
 Loves hot fire in my nose;  
 With which they scorch'd, for pittie cry,  
 Blow it ou't *Strephon*, or we die;  
 Others say my head's a bell,  
 My hayre the ropes, that ring the knell,  
 My tong the clapper which though their deaths it rings,  
 They sweare no *Courefeu* halfe so sweetly sings;  
 The hollow of my eyes, the grave,  
 Which with their nailes they dig; but have \_\_\_\_\_  
 But who comes here?

*Enter Sapho, and Aminta.*

*Sapho.* *Strepho*, you'r well-met, good *Aminta*, see,  
 Is he not chaste, and faire as young *Goates* be,  
 His head like to a Cedar over-growes,  
 His studded cheeks and rich enameld nose.

*Strepho.* I would be loath to give my face for the washing  
 Girle, now *Clitophon* doe not you not imagine *Venus* girdle was  
 My swathband, the maids so doate on my well timber'd limbs.  
 Here's a leg, *Sapho*, that's as neatly made,  
 As any that ore *Shepherdesse* is laid;  
 A thigh proportionable I tak't,  
 I know thou longst to seell it nak't,  
 A taile, some say, does hang therby,  
 Which none must know but thee and I:  
 I have a back too, though I say't  
 That should not, can beare any waight,  
 Full limbs, with sinews strong and plump,  
 A lusty chine, and for my rumpe  
 'Tis so well made, and firmly knit,  
 The Nymphs are all stark mad for it,  
 Because they think the rest of my members proportionable.

*Clito.* What a quick flame

Into



Into my brest from *Sapho* bright eyes came,  
Another from *Aminta's*; my desire,  
Erst cold as Ice, grows active as the fire,  
Dearest *Aminta*, *Sapho* lend your care  
To my just vows.

*Ami.* Fond *Clitophon* forbear  
To sweare in earnest, I do know your heart  
Was never wounded with the blind Gods dart.

*Saph.* See how bright *Strephon* does intice the ayre,  
To play with the sweet belropes of his hayre,  
What a soft murmuring the tresses makes,  
As did *Medusa's* locks, or *Alectos* snakes.

*Clito.* Gentlest Virgin, white as infant snow,  
Pleasing as *Ladon* that does coolly flow,  
Through our green meadows; trust a loving swaine,  
When he protest with truth.

*Amin.* There does remaine Enter *Florida*.  
No such good property 'mongst men on Earth,  
Truth is fled to Heaven with Justice.  
*Florida* the newes.

*Florid.* The Lord *Demagoras* this way pursues,  
And must have entertainment, 'tis a charge  
From our great Lady, that we strait inlarge  
Our Pastorall devises.

*Sapho.* We have none  
On such a sudden, lesse she will have done  
Those that were for *Argalus* welcome meant.

*Florid.* Be prest with speed that greeting to present —

*Chrisaclea, Parthenia, Demagoras, Philarchus.*

*Clit.* They are upon us ere we are ready for the action.

*Chri.* *Florida*, are the shepheards here?

*Florid.* Madame they are, *Castalia* only wants.

*Chri.* This Musick speaks her intrance. Enter *Castalia*.

Please your Lordship,  
Under this shadie Poplar, sit and see  
Our rurall pastimes.

## I. Song.

*Loves a Childe, and ought to be  
Wonne with smiles, his Deity  
Is cloth'd in Panthers skinnies, which hide  
Those parts which kill, if but espie.  
Hates warres, but such as mildly led  
By Venus are to pleasures bed,  
There does soft imbraces fight,  
Kisses combat with delight,  
Amorous looks and sighes discover  
What will win a Virgin-Lover.*

*Demagor.* 'Tis too effeminate this; I had rather heare  
The cryes of dying men than these nice straines,  
Or Souldiers with loud clamours rend the aire  
With shouts of victory.

*Phi.* Patience my Lord, the Shepherds are proceeding to  
dance.

## I. Dance.

*Demag.* I doe not like this Morall, it includes  
Something that is distastefull; a mans posselt  
With eminent frensie that would a minute  
View these idle Morris-Dances.

*Phi.* That fellow  
That woo'd with such obsequiousnesse and wonne  
His yeelding Mistresse, sure did represent  
Effeminate *Argalus*. The other, who  
With confidence attempting, was repuls'd,  
Figur'd my selfe. This same was an abuse,  
Such as no hospitality, nor lawes  
Of true nobility can suffer. Madam.

You



You have done well and justly. I perceive  
You are as various in your giddy faith,  
As your coy daughter in her choice; reserve her  
For gracious *Argalus*: but if this scorne  
Meet not a sudden and severe revenge,  
May all my former glories be obscur'd;  
Though to performe it I should scale the Starres,  
And snatch them like quick wilde-fire from their Spheares,  
Then dart them on the earth: catch the dull clouds  
And squeeze them into a deluge, and aspire  
To startle *Jove* with terrour of my ire. *Exit. Demag.*

*Chri.* This is the suddenest passion I have seene,  
Whence had it its originall? My Lord,  
Let's follow and perswade him. *Exeunt.*

*The end of the first Act.*

---

*Actus 2. Scena 1.*

*Argalus, Kalander, Philarchus.*

**Y**OU are too strangely timorous, your full worth  
Speakes in as loud an accent of Desert,  
As the most meriting Arcadian Lord,  
Who boasts his Ancestry.

*Arga.* My Lord,  
The faire *Parthenia* instructs all hearts.  
Nobility, with Musick of her voyce;  
Miriads of joyes are in her looks; her eyes  
Are Natures richest Diamonds set in foyles  
Of polish'd Ebony, her breath expires  
Odours more sweet than issu'd from the trees.  
Of Balme in Paradise.

*Philar. Demagoras.*

Drunk with opinion of himselfe, declines  
As much her glorious merit, as your just  
Expressions honors it.

*Arga.* 'T were sacrilege  
Not to confesse so manifest a truth,  
'T was shee when first I did salute the War  
With my unable person; who inspir'd  
My soule with courage active as the wind,  
Gave me a manly being, and infus'd  
By the divine reflection of her love,  
Thoughts fiery as that passion: I do live  
Only her creature. Borrow my poore heat  
From the extended vertue of her flame.

*Kalan.* You are too modest,  
T'a scribe a greater glory to my niece,  
Then the whole stock of women ever boasted;  
You'l make her proud my Lord, 'tis an excesse  
Of naturall sweetnesse in you; you must temper  
With a more moderate confidence.

*Arga.* Alas my Lord,  
Of more sincere devotion; every thought  
My fancy offers, is a sacrifice  
To the bright deity of *Parthenia*,  
Whose noble freeness, though it may afford  
Me entertainment, more repleat with grace,  
Than she bestowes on every Suitor, yet  
My timorous hopes dare not assume that life,  
As to beleve she loves me; pray my Lord,  
You are familiar with *Parthenias* thoughts  
Resolve your friends this questionable doubt;  
Whom her affectionat purity has chosen  
Her loves blest favorite.

*Phi.* My Lord, you know him,  
He's your most intimat friend.

*Arga.* My friend,  
Were he my utmost enemy and belov'd,  
Offaire *Parthenia*: that should be a tie



*Argalus and Parthenia.*

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Of adoration to me, pray declare  
The man must be made fortunate with the title  
Of Lord of such perfection.

*Phil.* He is

A noble generous and well manur'd youth  
Beares beauties ensignes in his gracious looks.  
Has that supreme Divinity in his eyes  
As sparkles flames, able to fire all hearts,  
And the superlative vertue of his Mind,  
Transcends his outward figure; he is wise  
As most mature age, Valiant in resolve,  
As fames belov'd Child reputation,  
Conjoine the masculine graces of his soule,  
With lovely carriage, and discret discourse  
Has not your knowledge reach'd him yet?

*Arga.* This character

So far excelling me undoes my hopes.

*Phi.* My Lord were not to

Secure your peace, I'de not disclose this secret, 'tis your selfe,

'Tis *Argalus Parthenia* has receiv'd

A welcome guest into her open heart,

Amase not your quick senses, 'tis a truth.

*Kalan.* Your mutuall modesties

Defer your just desires, I must become  
The moderator 'twixt your bashfull hopes

You do affect, as timorously as Swans,

(Cold as the brook they swim in) who do bill,

With tardy modesty, and chirring plead

Their constant resolutions.

*Enter Chrisaclea.*

*Chris.* Noble *Argalus*,

My honor'd brother, pray heaven our entertainment,

Be worthy your acceptance, you must not expect

That happy welcome, here your house affords

To

To such deserving guests. My Lord *Philarchus*,  
Saw you the Lord *Demagoras* lately.

*Phi.* Madam,  
Not since he flung last night hence in a rage  
From the presentment by the Shepherds.

*Kal. Demagoras*  
Is of so haughty a disposition  
(Though noble otherwise) that I can wish  
No alliance with him: sister, I doe feare,  
You are too zealous to advance the match  
'Twixt him and your *Parthenia*: her's a Lord  
As great by birth, and greater by the favour  
Done him by th'King, but greatest by his owne  
Superlative goodnesse, does affect her with  
So true a fancie, that you much would wrong  
Humanity to dispose her to another,  
Where such a meriting Suiter does pretend  
A holy interest in her.

*Chri.* Good brother doe not  
Question my honour so much, I am loath  
To give the least occasion of distaste  
To my Lord *Demagoras*, and since my daughter  
Cannot affect him, I conceive he will  
Cease his unnecessary suit, and leave her  
To her owne disposure.

*Kala.* I wish it.  
My Lords, and sister, honour me to transferre  
Your companies to my Castle; it doth stand  
Oppress'd with solitude, and mournes the lacke  
Of noble hospitality, like a widow  
Depriv'd of a lov'd husband. I doe long  
To see Dame *Ceres* crown'd with wreathes of wheat,  
Kisse plump cheek'd *Bacchus* there in daily feasts,  
To view my table furnish'd with such guests  
As would esteem't no trouble to adorne it  
A yeare or two together, and there finde  
No entertainment like a bounteous minde.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena*



*Scena secunda.*

*Enter Parthenia with a Lute, & Exit.*

*Enter Demagoras.*

This way she went, I followed her thorow the grove of Cy-  
presse to this Bower, she cannot befarre off. *Exit.*

*Song.*

*Parthenia within.*

*Parth. O Argalus!*

*Enter Demagoras.*

It was her voyce, *Parthenia's* voyce, she nam'd  
Her minion *Argalus*: that sound (though cloth'd  
In the enchanting accents of her breath)  
Was harsh as Screech-owles, or the Whislers notes,  
And shall be fatall to her as the straines  
The Syrens (dancing on the peacefull Seas)  
Bestow on wretched Mariners. Come forth,  
Imploy your airie numbers on your owne  
Proud beauties Epitaph.

*Drags out  
Parth.*

*Parth.* What meanes my Lord,  
This rude intrusion on my retir'd thoughts?  
How dare you hand me thus? Uncivill man  
Forbeare this boldnesse.

*Demag.* Perswade me to't.  
When you can sing the world into a sleepe,  
Or tame wilde lightning with a teare; you'd best  
Try if the passing sweetnesse of your tunes  
Can (like the voyce of Magick) charme my rage  
To pity, or bring *Argalus* to your rescue;

*D.*

*Would*

Would he were here, and arm'd with sulphurous clouds,  
 Like *Jove* imbracing *Semele* in fire,  
 This hand should snatch thee from his circular flames  
 To my revenge, inforce him to behold,  
 Helplesse, the present ruines of thy beauty.

*Parthe.* Your threats cannot affright me, I defend'd  
 With mine owne innocence, feare not your malice,  
 Should it invade my life; your foule intent  
 Will (like an arrow shot upright) descend  
 On your owne head. But pray declare my Lord  
 Why you thus riot on my guiltlesse selfe.  
 If 'cause I cannot love you, I will die  
 That causes Martyr.

*Demag.* Die! your Fates reserve you  
 Not to so brave a period as death  
 From my great hand: I'll stick on thee a shame  
 Worse than the poore deprivall of thy life,  
 Such as will kill thee daily with conceit  
 Of thy unequall'd misery.

*Parth.* Perhaps  
 He does intend my ravishment. My Lord,  
 Mischiefe I see in your distracted looks  
 Pretended to my purity: Oh doe not  
 Murder mine honour; I'll resigne my breath  
 With freedome to your fury. Surely Sirs  
 A virgins gore (sooner than blood of kids)  
 Will mollifie your heart of Adamant  
 To a soft fleshie substance.

*Demag.* Doe not prate,  
 Nor with loud clamours fill the wood, nor question  
 What my intent is. Though you had not lov'd me,  
 You need not in contempt have throwne your heart  
 On that effeminate *Argalus*; that wrong  
 Fills my vast soule with horreur, and invites  
 My active thoughts to a severe revenge,  
 Since he whom I can name, but in contempt,  
 Usurps my lawfull priviledge; otherwise  
 The injury with patience had been borne,



Revenge's cause is an immediate scorn.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Strephon, Clitophon, Sapho, Aminta.*

*Clito.* Gentle *Aminta* heare me.

*Amint.* Have you done?

Winding Meander first shall straitly runne,  
Roses in winter flourish, and our flocks  
Weare golden fleeces in stead of woolly locks,  
Ere *Clitophon's* false heart doe serious prove,  
And entertaine the perfectnesse of love.

*Streph.* 'Tis her love to me makes her slight *Clitophon* thus.  
This 'tis to be a handsome man: I shall doat shortly (seeing  
my lovely *Physnomie* in some cleare spring, the Shepherds  
looking-glasse) on my owne shadow, and like *Narcissus* leap  
into the waves to embrace it.

Which is she among the Swains  
On whom the gentle *Strephon* dains  
To cast a sheeps-eye, nod or wink,  
But does her selfe immortall think?  
Who indeed has such a face,  
So full of a bewitching grace.  
My head loves pillow, where he does rest  
As safe as Magpie in her nest.  
My forehead sweetly is bespred  
With Violets, and Tulips blew and red:  
The amber Couflip, and the corall Rose,  
Pretious complexion of my sweeter nose.  
My eyes are elements from which fall showers  
That make my cheeks a spring of severall flowers.  
So is my head a nose-gay growing on one stalke,  
My body is the garden, though it walk;  
And ther's no woman but may well,  
To th'worst part about it smell.

My armes are Dragons that defend all these:  
Now view in me living *Hesperides*.

*Sapho.* Who looks on *Strephon* that will not suppose  
The blushing Piony growing in his nose?  
The yellow Primrose that in woods had wont:

To flourish, springs up in his amber front.

*Streph.* I had a face of brasse indeed should I deny this for truth: shee'l praise me shortly into the starres, and then I shall (for a new Planet) be set i'th the Shepherds Kalender. What a gull's this *Clitophon*, how long might he live ere he be in such favour with the Shepherdesses.

Why when on him they will not gaze,  
On me they stare with much amaze;  
And when on him, as on a Clowne,  
With lowring lookes they scowle and frowne,  
Let gentle *Strephon* but vouchsafe  
To let them looke on him, they laugh.

*Clitoph.* Oh you are pleasant *Strephon*. *Sapho* say,  
Are you as cruell as *Aminta*? Day  
Loves not the Sunne-shine dearlier than my flame  
Is equally devoted to your name:  
To yours *Aminta* joyntly, Oh you two,  
Are clearer, sweeter than the morning dew  
Falling in May on Lillies, fairer farre  
Than *Venus* Swannes, or spotlesse Ermins are.  
Which first vouchsafes me answer? There does flie  
Immediate comfort from *Aminta's* eye:  
*Sapho* speakes joy in smiles: but Virgins, here  
Comes beauties abstract, who has no peere. *Enter Florida.*  
Grace me, deare *Florida*, with one blest looke.

*Florid.* Away dissembler; Fishes scorne the hooke  
They see laid bare before them: but prepare,  
The other Shepherds hither comming are,  
Attending on my Lady and her guests.  
This musicke does invite us to *Pans* feast.

*Enter Kalander, Argalus, Philarchus, Castalia, singing.*

Great Pan to thee we doe confine  
This fleece of Wooll. This bowle of Wine

To



*To father Bacchus, Ceres deane*  
*This garland of the wheat care*  
*Accept. Silvanus we present*  
*These fruits to thee, thy bounty sent.*  
*And you maids, from whose each eye*  
*Winged shafts of love doe flie,*  
*Doe not shame to let your feet*  
*In a countrey measure meet*  
*With these youths, whose active parts*  
*Will play the thieves, and steal your hearts.* *Dance.*

*Kaland.* Shepherds, we owe our gratitude to your thanks.

*Sapho.* Lords, and Ladies, thanks to all

That grac'd our harmlesse festivall. *Exeunt Shepherds.*

*Kalan.* I doe admire we wanted my faire Neece

At these solemnities: me thought the sports

Shew'd dull without her; noble *Argalus*

My best wishes wait upon you.

*Exit Kaland.*

*Arga.* Your honours Creature; I much wonder where

*Parthenia* has bestow'd herselfe.

*Enter Parthenia.*

*Phi.* Shee cannot

Be absent long, see here she comes;

Madam, you were expected here, the Shepherds

Did in their Pastorall presentments move

Dully without your presence. Why thus vail'd,

Extend your glorious beauty, and eclipse

The emulous day with brightnesse: Heavens protect me,

What strange delusion's this?

*Arg.* Surely a mist

Shades our amazed opticks, or has some

Black Devill taken her habituall forme

To mocke our erring fancies; 'tis her face

Vail'd in a robe of darknesse, yet her eyes

Shoot their accustomed brightnesse through the clouds,

To tell the admiring gazers, two such lights

Cannot indure privation: Horror friend!

What should portend this ominous sight?

Deare Madam, have you devis'd this embleme of disguise,  
That when dispers'd 't may give more perfect lustre  
To your most exquisite figure.

*Parth.* Oh my Lord,  
Look not on such a monster, lest my sight  
Infect your spotlesse purity. I am  
(Stop your innocent eares, lest the harsh sound  
Pierce them with horror) poyson'd.

*Philar.* What ignoble villaine,  
Madam, has spoil'd natures most glorious frame,  
Demolish'd such a beauty as the most  
Cunning Painters with their skill shall never imitate?

*Arga.* Let her name  
Guesse at his appellation that has ventur'd  
This irreligious blemish to white truth;  
And were his heart wrapt in a marble rock,  
Fenc'd with a Mine of Adamant, this hand  
Should from the stony casket dig it out,  
And with his vile blood poyson all the world.

*Parthe.* Deare Sir, the employment of this fruitlesse rage  
Cannot attach him for this mischief. 'Twas  
*Demagoras*, who mad with the conceit  
That for your sake I did neglect his love,  
Surpris'd my guiltlesse person in the wood,  
And with a juyce (more poysonous than the foame  
Of angry Dragons) sprinkled my cleare face,  
By th' powerfull venome straight ore bespred with this  
Contagious leprosie, and then he fled.

*Arga.* Whither? What place can be so strong to guard  
So mercilesse a Tyger? Should he mix  
His conversation with unsetled aires,  
Breake (like a cunning Pioner) through the earth,  
And hide himselfe i'th Center, some quick wind,  
Or hideoas earthquake, would inforce him thence  
To his deserved punishment. Oh friend!  
Me thinks this object should affright the light  
Into a sad concealment, for the clouds



To drop upon the earth in floods of teares,  
And drowne it everlastingly.

*Philar.* Poore Lady.

*Parth.* Doe not Lords

Urge violent rage to discompose your peace, I will (like  
The pleasing aire) wrap in that cloud, my head,  
That has infected it, and seek out death :  
Nor doe I grieve for my vaine beauties losse,  
Since shivering sicknesse, or the hand of age  
Would have perform'd that office which his poyson  
Usurp'd upon its lustre : this onely wounds  
My fraile resolve, since I beleve that you,  
Lord *Argalus*, affected me, that I  
Should be so wretched, as to be depriv'd  
Of that indifferent forme, for which I might  
Have merited your favour.

*Arga.* Gracious soule !

Inforce my immortality from my brest,  
Which like a flame (inclos'd 'twixt walls of brasse)  
Strives to ascend to heaven, and fetch from thence  
Thy ravish'd beauty : 'twas thy excellent minde  
That I admir'd ; no noble soule can fix  
Onely on fleshly glory ; and since that  
Remaines intire, immoveable as faith,  
I should undoe my honour, in revolt  
From sacred truth, should I renounce thy love :  
I'll yet embrace thy Nuptialls with a heat  
Holy as altars incense ; for thy face !  
A thousand virgins with immaculate teares  
Shall weep upon it, bathe it in their bloods,  
Till (from the different colours) the fresh Rose  
And glorious Lillie, in that snowy field,  
Regaine their ancient seats, and re-create thee  
The absolute Queene of beauty.

*Par.* Oh my Lord,

Your fancie wanders in distracted paths  
Of vanquish'd reason ; since unfortunate I,

Must

Must like a piece of *Alabaster* spoild  
 By an unskilfull Carver, needs become  
 A most imperfect statue. Since I cannot  
 Boast any thing that's meriting your love,  
 Strive to forget *Parthenia*, who will seeke  
 Some desert, where poore mortall never trod,  
 To spend the wretched remnant of her life in:  
 Farewell my Lord, hereafter wish to meet,  
 As I doe, in one tombe, one winding sheet.

*The end of the second Act.*

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*Actus 3. Scena 1.*

*Enter Demagoras and servant.*

**A** Re all our forces muster'd.

*Serv.* They are my Lord.

*Demag.* Let them be

All in a readinesse. I meane this night  
 T'attempt *Kalanders* Castle: my great soule  
 Is not yet satisfied by my revenge  
 Upon *Parthenia's* beauty: the contempt  
 (Cast on me by refusal of my match)  
 Cannot be wash'd off, but in streames of bloud.

*Serv.* But my Lord, thinke on *Kalanders* strength.

*Demag.* I know my owne.

And 'twere a sin 'gainst my undaunted courage  
 To doubt 'tis large sufficiencie has not power  
 To vanquish any enemy. Let hosts,  
 Conjoyne to hosts, affront me; yet this arme  
 Has an innated vertue, that shall force  
 Victory from their multitudes, as due  
 Onely to my deservings. Let the Captaines  
 Prepare our forces, while in this grove I meditate

*Exit*

The



The sweetnesse of my just revenge.

*Arga.* Pray Sir to whom belong yon forces.

*Serv.* To Lord *Demagoras*, there is the Generall. *Exit*

*Arg.* You'r happily encountred, Doe you know me? *Serv-*

*Demag.* Though such things as you are, *vant.*

Fit onely for effeminacie and sport,  
Doe seldom meet my knowledge, you are,  
If I mistake not, *Argalus*; I sent you  
A glorious present lately, your *Parthenia*  
Dress'd in her new robes of beauty, such as might  
Intice your wanton appetite to love.

*Arga.* Villaine, to glory in thy most detested act,  
Shewes that thy Fiend-like nature has forgot  
All lawes of noble manhood; but I sinne  
To interchange a word with such a Monster;  
Yet before thou dost fall by me, as, if heaven have not  
Lost all its cure of innocence, thou must doe,  
I'll force thee heare the blacknesse of thy mischiefs.  
What devill cloth'd in humane shape, except  
Thy barbarous selfe, would have atchiev'd the wrack  
Of so much matchlesse beauty.

*Demag.* 'Twas too meane, too light a sacrifice for my re-  
Had her whole Sex beene there, attired in all (venge,  
The glory of their beauty, and you Sir present,  
My anger had invaded them, and spight  
Of your defence converted their choice formes  
To the same loathsome leprosie.

*Arga.* Peace Monster.  
Each syllable thou utterest does infect  
The aire with killing pestilence: it was  
Heavens never-sleeping Justice that directed  
My erring person hither to revenge  
*Parthenia's* murder'd beauty on thy life.  
Nay stare not on me Sir, were you defend'd  
With heaps of men as numerous as your finnes,  
This sword should force a passage, and dig out  
Thy heart from that black cabinet of thy brest,

And cast it a prey to Vultures.

*Demag.* You'r very confident  
Young gallant of your fortune, prithee goe  
Poore boy and fight a combat in the court  
With some soft Mistresse, dance, or touch a Lute :  
Thou art a thing so abject thou'rt not worthy  
The anger of *Demagoras* ; arme, be gone,  
Lest I doe frowne thy soule away. My sword  
Will be an uselesse instrument 'gainst such  
A childish enemy.

*Arga.* Glorious Devill,  
My furies grown to that unequall height  
'Twill not admit more conference ; thy crimes  
Are now ripe for my punishment : though Fiends  
Guard your black brest , I'le peirce it.

*Demag.* So valiant ?  
I shall chastise your fury. *Fight, Demag. falls.*

*Arg. Parthenia,*  
Thou art in part reveng'd, and if mine owne  
Death doesucceed his, I shall goe in peace to my eternity.

*Demag.* Sure great *Mars*  
Has put on armes against me in this shape,  
For 'tis impossible mortality could  
Achieve *Demagoras* conquest. Farewell light,  
'Tis fit the world should weare eternall night. *Dies.*

*Arg.* I hate to triumph  
O're his loath'd carcasle, which should be a prey  
To Wolves and Harpyes : O *Parthenia* !  
Here lies the Fatall Cause of all our mischiefes ;  
And sure no soule will at his death repine :  
Revenge, when just, 's, not humane, but Divine. *Ent. Serv.*

*Serv.* Where have you left my Lord ?

*Arg.* There lies your Lord. *Exit Arg.*

*Serv.* Dead ?

Curst Fate, that so much greatnesse  
Should suffer this great overthrow, and fall  
From such a height to a sad funerall ! *Exit*

*Amphialus*



*Amphialus and Philarchus.*

*Amphi.* 'Tis such a cruelty, as no report,  
Though it discourse of rapes, and timelesse deaths,  
Has ever equall'd.

*Phi.* The successe will speake  
The wonder more prodigious. The poore Lady  
(Still lovely in her sorrow) after this sad rape  
Of her rare beauty, privately stole thence,  
And with that strictnesse has obscur'd her selfe,  
That though inquest (though many indeavour'd  
In her desir'd search) can attain the least  
Discovery of her present being.

*Amph.* How beares *Argalus* this sad disaster?

*Philarch.* As a man  
Whose noble courage, 'bove the crosse of Fate,  
Seemes patient at his misery.

*Amph.* He and I  
Are both made up of sorrow, our full griefes  
Might (like two swelling Oceans when they meet  
In a contracted channell) aptly combat  
For rough priority. *Philoclea*  
My glorious Cousin, will by no intreats,  
No services, yet be induc'd to love;  
That I was forc'd, against the naturall zeale  
I beare the King my Uncle, to transgresse  
(Such is the power of my fancy) the strictnesse  
Of my obedience, captivating her  
By force, to whom by a most free consent  
My soule before was prisoner.

*Phi.* I could wish, noble *Amphialus*, that your desires  
Might both atchieve forgivenesse, and successe:  
I'm none of those strict Statesmen, though I love  
My King, that hate your vertues for this fact,  
Because I know the greatnesse of your spirit  
Attempted it not for inveterate hate,

Or for ambition, but to gaine her love.

*Amphi.* *Philocleas* love, upon whose meanest thought  
The Art of Memorie's grounded, and inspires  
Each organ of our meditating sense,  
With their perfections merit.

*Phi.* But my Lord:

How brooks the king the bold detention  
Of his faire daughters? Sure he will invert  
Some sudden forces on you, and compell  
Their back-deliverie.

*Amp.* He shall first inforce  
Mortality into nothing. I did send,  
To avoid effusion of more humane blood,  
This faire defiance, that he should elect  
A Champion daring singly to oppose  
Me in a combat, and if Fate decreed  
My fall by him, security for the freedome  
Of his imprison'd daughters.

*Phi.* Did his Grace accept the noble offer?

*Amp.* With a freedome  
Fitting a King, but who the person is  
That hopes to gaine a Trophee by my death,  
Fame has not yet divulg'd. This urgent businesse  
Hinders my visit of my Lord *Argalus*;  
Present my true hearts service to him, tell him I  
Doe inwardly dissolve into a dew  
Of bleeding passion for his losse, and would  
To re-invest blest quiet in his heart,  
Act o're the Scene of dangers I have pass'd  
Since I knew earliest manhood; so your Lordship  
Will please to pardon my rude haste, I must,  
As to my friends, to my owne affaires be just.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter.*



*Enter Clitophon, Strephon, Alexis.*

*Clito.* Perswade me not to this, there is no woman  
Worthy my love, they are all too falsely common  
To every Suiter.

*Alex.* Why *Clitophon* say you so, who are blest  
With her society whom I love best?  
Yet in her presence I'm forbid to move  
My suit, nay dare not name the name of love.

*Stre.* 'Tis your own flat foolery *Alexis*; you should with  
garbe and gesture pastorall, with as much scorn as you would  
o' returne your enemy at football, contemne the force of wo-  
Women are shadows, fly away (man, Why?  
When follow'd, or desir'd to stay;  
But if you slight them, they will sue,  
Follow, intreat, nay flie to you:  
But if stiffe and strong you stand,  
You may tread them at command.  
But lie downe, the pretty Elves  
Will straight fall under you of themselves.  
Like my Spaniell, beaten, they  
Will lick your lips, and with you play.  
This is the reason why  
They love me so doggedly;  
You might by my example edifie,  
And live in peace *Alexis*.

*Alex.* Why *Strephon*, you usurpe without a cause  
The priviledge of their love; your carriage drawes  
Their laughter, not affection; you appeare  
To them for sport, not for your person deare.

*Streph.* Ther's your foolery still, thou hast commerc'd it  
seemes with none but thine owne sheepe, and art farre sillier  
than they: your woman is the greatest dissembler in the  
world, and where they toy and jeere, they most affect:  
Finally women are slippery, as at their tayles are Eeles,  
Their mindes as light as are their heeles.

And every one's for what she feels :  
And so with my opinion, farewell.

*Clito.* Stay honest *Strephon*, I did late compose verses in hatred of them.

*Stre.* They are not prose, pray read them.

*Clito.* Who would trust a woman, when  
They'r the onely curse of men?  
Syrens sing but to intice,  
They men to a fools paradise :  
Hyana's speak, 'tis to betray  
To certaine ruine, so doe they :  
Crocodiles shed teares of slaughter,  
Women weepe when they meane laughter.  
Inconstant, cruell, false, unkinde,  
Are attributes that suit their minde.

*Stre.* Now, as I am true Arcadian, thou would'st be whipt for this; *Cupid* shall cite thee into his Court for this by some of his villanous Apparators, where his wide conscienc'd Proctors, and their Clerks, shall with their pen and inkhornes beat thy braines out : if thou scap'st that, Ladies shall beat thee to death with their Monkies, you jack-a-napes; chambermaids shall worry thee to death with kisses, than which there can be no greater tyranny; then, the very Cooke, and Milkmaids, shall in scolding prose, baste thee into a jelly, or charme thee into May-butter; you shall answer this, I'll peach, I'll play the Informer.

*Clito.* I'll not recant it, nor deny this truth,  
*Alexis* you shall heare it justified. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Kalander, Argalus, and Philarchus.*

*Kalan.* Where met you Lord *Amphialus*?

*Phi.* In the grove, twixt *Mantineia* and his Castle, while  
Our servants led our horses down the hill,  
We did exchange some accents in discourse.  
The noble youth, as hopefull of successe  
In his designe, as brave in his resolve;

But



But the great rumour'd warfare 'twixt the King  
And him's converted to a single fight  
Betwixt *Amphialus* and what champion  
The King will venter to ingage in such  
A cause of weighty consequence.

*Kalan.* I'm glad :  
Arcadia long blest in a happy peace  
Shall by the letting of so few veins blond  
Continue in her quiet ; it was fear'd  
This sad domestick quarrell would have cost  
More lives than might with justice have been spar'd ;  
But 'tis not yet divulg'd by fame whose valour  
Will be employ'd i'th combat.

*Phi.* His knowledge  
Has not yet attain'd the notice of't : My Lord,  
He does present his best respects to you,  
Deplores your sorrows with a brothers griefe, intreats you  
Have so much mercy on your glorious youth,  
As not to spend its blooming pride in fighes.

*Arg.* My Lord, I thank him, and rejoyce his Fate  
Has sort'd him so honourable a triall  
Of his undoubted valour : for my griefes,  
They doe increase on me, like a disease,  
Spreading through all my faculties, which shakes  
My soule into an agony of death,  
And will, I hope, ere long, dissolve this flesh  
Into forgetfulnesse.

*Kalan.* Nay good my Lord,  
Renounce this passionate temper, wee'l depart  
Hence to my Castle, expell our cares with feasts,  
Hunt the wild bore that will with masculine rage  
Resist the hunters, till he foame to death,  
View swift hounds running hotly in pursuit  
Of the chac'd game, and from the neighb'ring hills  
Force Ecchoes to their shrillnesse.

*Arg.* Alas my Lord :  
The sole conceit of faire *Parthenia's* losse

Would

Would from a heart of marble force salt teares  
Cold as the dew the stone distills, invite  
An unremorsefull Crocodile to shed  
Drops as sincere as does the timorous Hart  
When he o'rehears the feath' red arrow sing  
His funerall Dirge.

*Kala.* See *Alexis* accompanied with a stranger Lady.

*Enter Alexis and Parthenia.*

*Alex.* Sir, this Lady, newly arriv'd from *Corinth*, has  
Some businelle she will disclose to none but you. *Exit.*

*Parth.* My vow's absolv'd.

*Arga.* Angels, or if there be a power has charge  
Of humane frailty, shrowd me with their wings;  
The sight of this divinity will strike  
More than my Eyes, my Reason, and inforce me  
Here to die gazing.

*Phi.* Blesse me! 'tis sure *Parthenia*.

*Kala.* My vertuous Neece recover'd.

*Arg.* 'Tis her face.

I have examin'd with industrious eyes  
Each line, each lovely circle that adorns  
This best perfect piece of nature and all speakes  
*Parthenia's* figure.

*Parth.* My honour'd Lords.

*Arg.* 'Tis her voyce!

The same well-sounding musick did inchant  
With its melodious harmony my heart.  
Let me adore the miracle.

*Parth.* My Lords: Doe not distract with a deceiving joy  
Your noble soules, I will not seeke to fold  
Your thoughts in doubtfull errour: you mistake,  
I'm not *Parthenia*.

*Arg.* What delusion playes with our faculties?

*Parth.* My Lord, afford me patient hearing, my discourse  
Contains much consequence, you never lov'd

*Parthenia*



*Parthenia* dearlier than my selfe: we wore  
The very figure of each others mind,  
As well as body, and I should transgresse  
Th' integrity of our inviolate truths;  
Not to fullfill each scruple of her will  
With ceremonious duty, she being dead.

*Arga.* Oh my just feares!

*Phi.* Deare Lady, is she dead?

*Par.* Dead, cold in her dark urne,  
As was her Icy chastity; she did arrive  
Some few dayes since at Corinth, where resolv'd  
T' obscure her self to all but mee, kind heaven  
Pitying her sad disaster, by mild death,  
Translated her to the immortall blisse  
Prepar'd for innocent lovers.

*Arga.* Sure I am insensible of misery, or my brest  
Would burst with fulnesse of my griefes; deare Lady  
Informe me where *Parthenia* is intomb'd,  
That like some humble pilgrime, I may visit  
The holy place with a religious zeale, and bathe  
Her virgin ashes in my teares,  
Weepe o're her grave till from my drops arise  
Some crystall pyramid to tell the world:

*Parthenias  
monument.*

*Par.* You interrupt, what my sad heart, as an unwelcome  
Desires to be disburdend of: before (load,  
Her dying breath, she did injoyne me by  
All our friendships rites, when I had laid  
Her corps in earth: strait to repaire (with notice  
Of her expiring) hither.

*Phi.* Deere my Lord, be not so much distemper'd.

*Parth.* Tell, quoth she, my noble mother that I dy in peace,  
Even with *Demagoras*; commend me to my love,  
My dearest *Argalus*; informe him that  
His very name flies with my soule to heaven,  
There to remaine for ever; and ingage him  
T' accept of you as my last guift, you are  
So like *Parthenia* that, hee'll love you for

F

My

My memory: So with a constant truth  
To my dead friend I'm come, my Lord, to offer  
What she bequeath'd, her legacy of my love,  
To your acceptance.

*Arga.* Madam, I must rest  
For your kind wish your servant; but in me  
*Parthenia* only must have room to live,  
While I have vitall motion. Had she impos'd  
What charge (but this) soever, I'd endeavour  
It's strict performance: but I am resolv'd  
As she enjoy'd my first, my latest love  
Shall on her memory wait till we do meet  
I'th happy shades together.

*Part.* Sure my Lord,  
This is contempt of my desert, I must not  
Be thus repuls'd: to satisfie your feares,  
I am your true *Parthenia*.

*Argalus. Parthenia.*

*Part.* Yes, and by the Queen of Corinth cur'd, whose ski  
and care clens'd my fowle leprosie.

*Arga. Parthenia,* 't was well your wisdom by degrees  
Diffus'd this comfort; had you shovr'd it all at once,  
T'would like a torrent have o'reborne the banks  
Of my amaz'd mortality.

*Kal.* Come, discourse  
Your story at your leisure, *Argalus*  
Take your *Parthenia*, treachery nor hate  
Cannot undo the firme decree of Fate.

*Exeunt.*

*Sapho. Aminta. Strephon. Clitophon.*

*Strep.* Ile try your impudence, have you the face  
To deny your libell *Clitophon*?

*Clit.* Good *Strephon* urge me not, I shall not want  
Audacity to expresse them to recant.  
My just opinion were unjust, and fit  
To staïne my resolution, and my wit.

*Amin. Clitophon,* how dare  
You arm'd with boldnesse greater than dispaire

Venture



Venture abuse to woman, or defile  
That name with scandal, to whose meanest smile,  
You have done worship?

*Sapho.* Prais'd looks with flat'ring art,  
Each look, each lineament, as the best part  
Of Natur's choyselt workmanship: but men  
Are more inconstant than light whirlwinds; trust  
The sea with feathers, or March winds with dust  
Rather; and let their words, oaths, teares, vowes passe,  
As words in water writ, or slippery glasse.

*Clit.* This is more jugling. O! with these h'as found  
A passage through my Eyes, to give a wound  
To my poore Heart: it is their looks beget  
This foddaine alteration, which as yet  
Does but with infant feathers strive to fly  
To heaven, tels Justice of the injury  
I have done sacred womanhood: thence  
Thou scrowle detracting spotlesse innocence.

*Aminta* deare forgive me, *Sapho* see  
How my teares distill.

*Stre.* If they were every one as big as a Turnip, it should not  
serve to feed my anger: well wenches, if you doe pardon him,  
may your maidenheads be a burden to you, till you bee fore-  
score at least, then may you turne Witches, and some Goblin  
get them; or else perish in your Virginitie, and leade Apes in  
Hell for't: Nay if you do forgive him, I will have you arraing'd  
of treason against *Venus*, and *Cupid* shall be your blind Judge,  
and condemne you for the fact, to loose your heads; your mai-  
denheads I meane, and have a man of fourescore and ten for  
your Executioner.

*Sapho.* Deare *Strephon*, do not frown, it does disgrace  
The fallow color of thy wither'd face.

*Stre.* You would faine cog your selfe into my favour again;  
but till you bee converted from this *Clitophon*, you shall not  
kisse the worst part about me.

*Saph.* O say not so,  
Thou art more sweet than Yewe or Miscoletoe,

*Alex.* 'O *Clitophon*, *Aminta*, every voyce  
Be fill'd with admiration, sing, rejoyce,  
Till th' earth dance like our young Lambs; till trees  
Grow active at the musick; all degrees,  
Of greefe are banish'd: all our flocks shall play  
For joy *Parthenia*, O *Parthenia*?

*Clito.* What of *Parthenia*.

*Alex.* Is return'd, her right  
Beauty new shining like the Queen of night,  
Appearing fresher after she did shroud:  
Her gawdy forehead in a pitchy cloud,  
Loves triumphs in her eyes; audacious I,  
That durst name love, and faire *Alexis* by:  
Be dumb for ever.

*Sapho.* Stay *Alexis*,  
She shall now revoke that loving tyranny,  
Since our *Parthenia's* return'd, I'll turne  
My Elegiack strains away, and burn in high love raptures.

*Alex.* She must strait be wed to Lord *Argalus*,  
The bridall bed is in preparing.

*Sapho.* At a verse of mine,  
Hymen shall light his Nuptiall flaming pine,  
I will enchant them to embraces free,  
With a devoted Epithalamy;  
Till I sing day from *Terhis* armes, and fire  
With ayry raptures the whole morning quire,  
Till the small birds their Silvan notes display  
And sing with us, joy to *Parthenia*.

*Dance & Exeunt.*

*The end of the third Act.*

*Actus*



*Actus 4. Scena 1.*

*Argalus. Parthenia. Kalandr.  
Philarchus.*

*Kalan.* **S**It my most honor'd Cosen, you are Lord  
Both of this house and feast: the honest Shepherds  
Were taken too much o'th suddaine to provide  
A fitting entertainment; but they've striv'd  
With their most early haste, t'expresse their duty:  
*Sapho* inspir'd with her Poetique fury,  
Will speake your Epithalamy;  
They do intend to dance too, I see;  
This Musicke declares their purpose.

*Musick.*

*Enter Shepherds and Shepheardesses.*

*Sap.* The joyes of health and what the spring  
Of youth, strength, happinesse, can bring  
Wait upon this noble paire;  
Lady, may you still be faire,  
As earliest light, may you enjoy  
Beauty, which age cannot destroy,  
May you be fruitfull as the day,  
Never sigh but when you pray,  
Know no griefe, but what may be  
To temper your felicity.  
And you my Lord, may truest fame  
Still attend on your great name,  
Live both of you espous'd to peace,  
And with your yeares let love increase,

Go late to Heaven, but comming thither,  
Shine theretwo glorious stars together.

*Song and Dance.*

*Kalen.* Does these presentments please you? our dull wits  
Are not so fortunate, in rich conceits  
As your quick Cyprian intellects.

*Exeunt Shepherds.*

*Arga.* You vouchsafe  
Too much to grace them, but *Parthenia*  
The King as conscious of my meane desert  
To make me seeme more worthy of thy love,  
Has by imposing a command, confer'd  
An honor greater on my sprightly hopes,  
Then the addition of estate or bloud  
Before enrich'd me with possession of.

*Part.* Let me participate your happinesse,  
My dearest Lord, what is it?

*Argal.* An honor which like the Eldest child of Fame  
treads on the neck of glory.

*Kalan.* Come, my Lord, let's leave these happy lovers to  
themselves.

*Part.* What may it portend tell me, and Ile rejoyce  
As much to heare it, as when I recover'd my poyson'd beauty.

*Arga.* Thou shalt know't,  
And with lowd acclamations sound my fate,  
For most compleatly happy: by the King  
I am elected instantly to meet  
In single opposition, honors type  
The brav'st of Soldiers and the best of men,  
The noble Lord *Amphialus*.

*Par.* Blesse me divinity! can you conceive my Lord  
That act an honor, upon which the losse  
Of the unvalued treasure of your life  
Has strict dependence? sure my Lord, the King  
Cannot be such a Tyrant to employ



You in your infant age of peacefull love,  
To sutch a cruell warfare.

*Arga.* Now I see, *Parthenia* loves not *Argalus*, if she wish  
Turne recreant to his valour; what account (him  
Unlesse of Coward, shall I give the King?  
Should I refuse this honorable taske;  
Which but to meet I'de scale star-neighboring rocks,  
Travell through desarts, scarcely known to beasts,  
And combat all that durst oppose my passage,  
To this brave enterprife.

*Par.* My dearest Lord,  
This resolution does oppresse my soule,  
With torments worse than death: there's not a word  
Which you have utter'd, but like mandraks groanes,  
Or howles of wolves affrights me: Can there be  
Such a contempt of my regardlesse love  
Be got so soon? Can you forsake my bed,  
Before I scarce conceive my selfe a wife,  
Or you a husband? Oh *Argalus*, I thought  
We should have liv'd, and taught the erring world  
Affections primitive purenesse; grown like Palmes  
(That do with amorous mixture twine their boughes  
Into a league-union) and so flourish,  
Old in each others armes; when now if thou  
Proceed to triall in this bloudy taske,  
My feares do with prophetike motion tell me,  
We are undone eternally.

*Arga.* Have you so slight an estimation of my worth,  
In managing bright armes, that you can feare  
My persons suffrance, O *Parthenia*?  
Thou wouldst deprive me of that fame, which time,  
Should he decline his restlessse course away,  
Shall never equall, from my youth-full head:  
Thou wouldk detain a chaplet of such bayes,  
As not Peneian *Daphne* first transform'd  
Could boast the like for freshnesse: dry my love,  
Those facted eyes drowned in christall streames.

*Parthe:*

Or if thou wilt, I'll kisse away thy teares,  
In stead of heavenly Nectar.

*Part.* This but ads to my misfortune, Sir, I am your wife,  
And never yet requested any grant,  
Unlesse your love deny me not my first,  
And only suit; leave my good Lord to tempt  
Your destiny, *Amphialus* is so good  
In his kind love to women; that I doubt not  
To find some meanes without your honors breach,  
To put this fatall combat off.

*Arga.* No *Parthenia*,  
'Tis but in vaine to tempt me with your prayers,  
Could he spit thunder would afright the Gods,  
Or wore at each lock of his haire a flash  
Of piercing lightning, yet I should attempt  
To snatch the fery chaplet from his head,  
And as a garland of victorious bayes,  
Wreath it about these temples.

*Par.* Well my Lord, since no perswasion will reclaime  
your will,  
Goe, and be happy in your disastrous task  
My maids and I will pay each houre to heaven  
A thousand vowes for your successe; I give  
You my free licence; O that deathfull word  
Comes from the Organs of my troubled soule!  
As a constant does from a timorous maid,  
To an inforcing ravisher.

*Arga.* Why now, thou art my best *Parthenia*, doubt not  
But I will bring white victory to crown (love,  
Thy glorious front; give me but one kind look,  
I will fill me with heroick force: let's in,  
And fearelesse take a happy parting kisse,  
Suspicion hinders loves immediat blisse.

*Exeunt.*

*Clitophon.*



*Argalus and Parthenia.*

41

*Enter Clinophon, Scrophon, Alexis, Sapho,  
Aminia, Florida.*

*Clin.* Sweet *Sapho*, will you still persist, and kill whom you might save?

*Sapho.* 'Tis your owne various will  
Inforces my contempt; but here's no place  
T'afford our loves an answer: the kinde grasse,  
That decks the plaines, will smile when we do sit  
On its Greene tapistry, and aptly fit  
Our wilde affections: Shepherdesses, let  
Our woolly charge within our folds be set,  
Lest the hoarse Wolfe to sate his ravenous thirst  
With blood of Lambes, doe through our weak flocks burst;  
After let's meet upon the neighbouring plaine,  
And there determine of our loves: I'll straine  
A little on your patience to rehearse,  
On the late Nuptials; this ensuing verse.

*Aminia.* Doe my deare *Sapho*.

*Flor.* Shepherds, attend her Layes.

*Aminia.* They get us credit, and our *Sapho* Bayes.

*Sapho.* The holy Priest had joyn'd their hands, and now  
Night grew propitious to their Bridall vow,  
Majestick *Juno*, and young *Hymen* flies  
To light their Pines an faire *Parthenia's* eyes;  
The little Graces amourosly did skip,  
With the small *Cupids*, from each lip to lip;  
*Venus* her selfe was present, and untide  
Her virgine Love; when loe, on either side  
Stood as her handmaids, *Chastity* and *Truth*,  
With that immaculate grider of her youth  
Rose-colour'd *Modesty*: These did undresse  
The beauteous maid, who now in readinesse,  
The Nuptiall tapers waving 'bout her head,  
Made poore her garments, and enrich'd her bed;  
While the fresh *Blindgrooms*, like the lusty Spring,

Did to the holy bride-bed with him bring  
 Attending masculine vertues; down he lay'd  
 His snowy limbs by a far whiter mayd,  
 Their kisses link their minds, as they embrace  
 A quire of Angels flew about the place,  
 Singing all blisse unto this paire; for ever  
 May they in love and union still persevere.

*Amin.* 'Tis almost sung for the nuptials,  
 Why was't not sung with musick?  
*Saph* *Castalia's* voyce would have beene tir'd with it.  
 Come, let's depart,  
 Love though obscur'd still flames about the heart.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Amphialus, Argalus, Philarchus.*

*Amph.* I could have wish'd the King  
 Had destin'd any to this fatall task  
 But noble *Argalus*; in him there rests  
 Such a commanding fulnesse of true worth;  
 That as't will be a glory to o'recome,  
 'Twill be a grieve equall to think 'gainst whom  
 The present fury of my arme must be  
 Unwillingly directed.

*Arg.* Famous *Amphialus*;  
 'Tis so much honour to be held your friend;  
 'Twere indiscretion in me to admit  
 A thought of being your enemy: we two  
 Should meet, my Lord, to revell, not to fight:  
 But since th'injustice of our Fates does force;  
 This sad contention; deare *Amphialus*;  
 Think that two brothers may with hot resolve  
 Strive to atchieve one crowne, yet still be friends.  
 The lawrell destin'd for my head will wither  
 If it be snatch'd from thine.

*Amph.* More famous *Argalus*;  
 Under whose hand the great *Demiourge* falls

*These*



These attributes of curtesie doe speake  
Your noble natures freengesse; you and I  
Should rather exercise our able armes  
In one anothers quarrell, than imploy them  
Upon our selves. Deare *Argalus*, our fates  
Are too unjust t'ingage our swords against  
Our bodies; for in harming thee, I offer  
Wounds to my selfe; we two retaine so much  
Affinity, by friendship, we must needs be  
One individuall substance.

*Phi.* Good my Lords,  
Since there's that sympathie of love and nature  
Twixt your two soules, dissolve it not; the blow  
That shall divide your hearts will be more impious  
In sep'rating that union, than in cutting  
Your twists of life asunder.

*Arga.* *Philarchus*, you are so noble,  
Our wills desir'd; you an indifferent Judge  
In our unwilling difference, since you are  
An equall friend to both.

*Amph.* *Philarchus*,  
We two are fortunes scornethat we should be  
Such friends in soule, yet by our deeds be thought  
Severest enemies. Deare *Argalus*,  
Let not thy lenity regard my life,  
Which is so worthlesse, 'tis a weight I wish  
Rather to lose than keepe: but guard thy owne,  
Preserve that precious blood, which I shall grieve  
To see diffus'd on earth, nay rather weepe  
Than shed a drop of it.

*Arg.* How much, my Lord, you vanquish him with cur-  
Whom your arme means to conquer? But *Amphialus*,  
Since we are mutuall friends, and yet must seeme  
Mutually enemies, to testifie  
'Tis by our fate, not malice, we are foes,  
I'll make thee my full Executour; bestow  
A gift upon thee of that pricelesse worth

Posterity shall never boast its parallel  
 When I am ashes, if there be a wretch  
 (For some there are that dare blaspheme the Gods)  
 Does injure my *Parthenia*; prithee friend,  
 Let be thy Care to punish that contempt  
 'Gainst vertuous purity: and as the last  
 And most supreme inducement of my love,  
 If by thy hand I perish, let my heart  
 Be sent to my *Parthenia*.

*Amph.* The same justice  
 I beg of thee, my *Argalus*, to have mine  
 Convey'd to my *Philoctea*; and if fame  
 (As it may chance) traduce me after death,  
 Noblest *Argalus*, justifie thy friend,  
 Thy poore *Amphialus*; and defend the deare  
 Authour of my misfortune, sweet *Philoctea*; otherwise  
 Posterity inform'd by bad report,  
 May black her precious memory; and say  
 A worthlesse man fell by thy sword.  
 Let usembrace, my *Argalus*, and take  
 A true, though sad, farewell; and once  
 Let us employ our hands against our hearts.

*Arg.* Kill our selves mutually; for who first does fall,  
 Leads but the way to th' others funerall.

*Fight.*

*Enter Parthenia.*

*Parth.* Eternall darknesse seaze me: O my Lord,  
 You are reported to be thrall to love;  
 For her sake you affect most, doe not make  
 A breach in ebbing nature; More! This bloud  
 Clothing the grasse in purple, does convert  
 My heart to Alabaster. O *Argalus*!

*Arg.* O *Parthenia*! Never till now unwelcome have I  
 To such an abject lownesse, that my life  
 Must (like a malefactors) be by prayers  
 Redem'd from death. Let us renew the fight.

*(liv'd)*

*Ed.*



Ha! Me thinks I tread on slippery glasse, my unsupporting feet:  
Dance measures on light waves, and I am sinking  
Into the watery bosomes, there to rest for all eternity.

*Amph.* I have scene  
So dying tapers, as it were, to light  
Their owne sad funerall; expiring, dart  
(Being but stirr'd) their most illuttrious beames,  
And so extinguish.

*Parth.* Angels, if ye have charity, afford  
Some Surgery from heaven. Now I see the cause  
Why my sad heart (fill'd with propheticke feare),  
Sought to have stopt your journey: and why I  
Compell'd by power of overruling Fate  
Follow'd you hither. Oh *Argalus!*

*Arga.* *Parthenia*, I doe feele  
A marble sweat about my heart, which does  
Gongealethe remnant of my bloud to Ice;  
My Lord, I doe forgive you, friend, farewell.

*Parthenia*, showre on my pale lips a kisse,  
Twill waite my soule to its eternall blisse.

*Parthenia*, O *Parthenia*. *Dies.*

*Phi.* So cracks the cordage of his heart, as Cables  
That guide the heaueie Anchors, cut by blasts  
Of some big tempest. My Lord, your wounds are many,  
And dangerous, tis fit you doe withdraw  
And haue'm cur'd.

*Amph.* I am carelesse growne, my life  
Is now more odious to me than the light  
Of day-to Furies; Madam, I am past  
The thought of griefe for this sad fact, and am  
Griefes individuall substance: pray forgive me,  
Heaven knowes it was not malice that betray'd  
Your Lords lov'd life; but a necessitous force  
To save my owne. Joy comfort you: thus Fate  
Forces us act what we most truly hate.

*Exit.*

*Phi.* Deare Madam, calme your passion, and resolve

To arme your soule with patience.

*Parth.* Patience Sir?

Doubt not so much my temper, I am calme.

You see o'th sudden as untroubled seas.

I could stand silent here an age to view

This goodly ruine. Noblest *Argalus*,

If thou hadst died degenerate from thy selfe,

I should have flow'd with pity, till my teares

Had drown'd thy blasted memory; but since

Thou perish'd nobly, let thy soule expect

A joy, not sorrow from me: the greene oake

Lawrell, and lovely mirtle shall still flourish

About thy sepulchre, which shall be cut

Out of a Mine of Diamonds; yet the brightnesse

Proceeding from thy ashes shall out-shine

The stones unvalew'd substance.

*Phi.* Sure she is growne insensible of her griefe, or fallen  
Into some wilde distraction.

*Parth.* You mistake;

'Tis not a fury leads me to this strange

Demeanour; but conceit that I should sinne

Against my *Argalus*. Should I lament

His overthrow? No Blest soule,

Augment th'illustrious number of the starres,

Outshine the *Leda* brothers: Ile not diminish

Thy glory by a teare, untill my brest

Does like the pious Pellican's, break forth

In purple fountains for thy losse, and then,

It shall diffuse for every drop thou shed'st

A Crimson river, then to thee Ile come:

To die for love's a glorious martyrdom.

*Exit.*

*The end of the fourth Act.*

*Actus*



*Actus 5. Scena 1.*

*Enter Strephon, Clitophon, Alexis.*

*Clit.* 'T Is certaine my *Alexis*, have not I  
(Who in their presence for love dayly die)

A cause to blame my destiny, and be  
Oppress'd with a continuall melancholy?

*Alex.* You are your owne Oppressour.

*Clit.* O wretched fate!

I in their presence doat on every one,  
Yet in their absence am content with none.

*Stre.* Yet I am in a farre worse case  
Than any of you both alas.

This villaine *Cupid* play'd the knave,  
Or at my birth his mother gave  
Some of her beauty to my naturall parts,  
Which doe allure even stony hearts,  
That I am weary of so many  
Good parts, and would lend some to any.

I *Clitophon*, even every limb  
About thee can with beauty trim,  
And never miss'd: I dare be sworn  
There's not an inch about me worne,  
Which has not, all the Maids can tell,  
Waiting on it of love an Ell.

*Alex.* O far more happy *Strephon*,

*Stre.* I doe mislike me *Alexis*, I will surrender you  
That happiness with all my heart:  
Were there but only two or three,  
Or four or five did doate on mee,  
I grant you then 'twere very well,  
The handsome then should beare the bell,

*But*

But there's not in this face a wrinkle,  
 Nor on my pretious nose a pimple,  
 Nor a haire upon my chin,  
 (But those you see are very thin)  
 Nor any squint comes from mine eye,  
 But that some wench for it does fry  
 In loves hot furnace: Though n'ere so coy,  
 Each Lasse would my good parts enjoy.

*Clito.* Why does not *Strephon* then,  
 Make use of time, and chuse the richest *Jemme*  
 Out of this Mine of beauty, and enrich  
 Himselfe by marriage?

*Streph.* My fingers itch at thee to heare thee talk so foolish-  
 ly: Would'it have me make an *Anatomy of my selfe*?  
 Or dost suppose  
 That unto one I'll wed my nose,  
 And to another all the rest  
 Of this sweet face? A pretty jest,  
 Should I pretend my selfe to match,  
 The wenches then would play at catch  
 That catch may; each get a limbe,  
 Or rather with themselves in rage,  
 They cruell civill warre would wage,  
 And with those terrible weapons, their nailes,  
 Which them in battell never failes,  
 And farre more terrible tongues, in fight  
 They'd fighting scold, and scolding fight.

*Enter Sapho, Aminta, Florinda.*

*Clito.* Still dearest *Sapho*, cruell *Tygers* may  
 By prayers and teares be mov'd, though cruell they  
 Delight in murder; you doe seeme to take  
 Your naturall fiercenesse from them, there cannot be  
 So much sterne vigour in humanity,  
 As to contemne a suppliant, and prove  
 To him most cruell, who does truest love.

*Sapho.*



*Saph.* You are too fickle *Clitophon*, you see  
Leaves in green *Autumne* scatter'd from each tree  
By the rude winds; you are more light than they,  
More fading than the flowrey dresse which *May*  
Attires the prickly thornes in; lighter far  
Than frothy bubbles, or dispers'd smoakes are.  
Yet I should love you, did not *Strephons* eye  
Dart flames might fire a marble heart; they fly,  
With nimble wings about me; *Strephon* see  
She who refuses him, will yeeld to thee.

*Str.* Would you could perswade me to't my nimble toung'd  
*Melpomene*. I must not bee injust to wrong my friend  
*Clitophon*, my friend's my friend, sweet *Sapho*: and you are a  
woman, of which gender (thanks be to Heaven and my good  
parts) I have indifferent choyse, a hundred or so. If you *Aminta*,  
or you *Florida* love me, the best comfort or course you can take  
Is to run mad for my deare sake.

And hang your selves, for you'll so prove  
True lovers hang'd in chains of love.

*Amin.* A cruell resolution : *Sapho*, well,  
We must resolve not to lead apes in Hell.  
And we have vow'd never to match but where  
*Strephon* vouchsafes to give us ; for you two,  
Unlesse he please, our wils can nothing do.

*Stre.* Come hither *Clitophon*, you love this witty rogue, this  
*Sapho*.

*Clit.* Deare as my own eyes.

*Stre.* That's deare enough; and you *Alexis* love *Aminta*.

*Alex.* I dare not name that word, yet ther's in me  
A most severe and lasting constancy, to faire *Aminta*.

*Clit.* O be gentle *Strephon*, let kind pittie move  
Thy honest heart, not to deprive our love  
Of its true comfort.

*Stre.* I shall be sure now to be famous for some thing,  
Your hands, your hands, my pretty payre of turtles.

*Amin.* Will you forsake us *Strephon*?

*Saph.* Will you give me away?

H

Whose

Whose heart desires to live only by your affection.

*Stre.* I cannot helpe it, lesse I should distribute my selfe amongst you; I'me very glad the matter is depos'd into my handling; these wenches are in good hope now that I will have one of them my selfe, and that maketh them refer themselves to mee: here *Clitophon*, take *Sapho*, and you *Alexis* the beautifull *Aminta*: But bee sure to confesse you have but my reversion. You'l give mee leave to kisse your wives, or so, when you are married; Ile not goe an inch further, as I am a true Arcadian; and so shake hands, and Heavens give you joy. Now *Clitophon* you're excellent at that sport, shall's not have a frisque or so at your Wedding, ha?

*Clito.* We'r all your servants.

*Dance.*

*Saph.* Now *Strephon* wee have suffered you to play the foole all this while,

Receive our true opinions of you.

*Stre.* I, come, let's hear't.

*Sap.* Thou hast a face

So full of vilenesse, it does disgrace

Deformity it selfe; ther's not a woman,

Were she to filthy prostitution common,

That could affect thee.

*Flori.* Cease to torment him *Sapho*, the pretty elfe

Begins to see the beauty of it selfe:

We must attend our Lady.

*Sap.* *Strephon* go,

And hang thy selfe, or else resolve to shew

Thy selfe no more, but like an Owle by night,

Or keep thy ill-favour'd countenance to affright

Wolves from our sheep: Come lovers, now 'tis time

To celebrate our joyes, which then renew

When prooffe has seal'd our fancies pure and true.

*Exeunt.*

*Stre.*



*Argalus and Parthenia.*

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*Stre.* Now doe I perceive my selfe an errant asse, and  
could hang my selfe in earnest, were I sure but to dy in  
jest for't: these wenches are shee-furies, and I hope in  
time to see them grow so abominably ugly, that they may  
hate them: for to say truth,  
These women are mere Weather-cocks,  
And change their minds more than their smocks;  
Have hearts as hard as stony rocks,  
And tongs that lie worse than false clocks,  
By which they catch men like Jacks in a box:  
And so with my curses I leave them.

*Exit.*

*Enter Philarchus. Amphialus.*

*Phil.* 'Twould be the safest way my Lord, and which  
Would best suit with your honour; be a means  
To gaine faire *Philoclea*.

*Amphi.* That blest name  
Charmes me to adoration: O my Lord,  
*Philoclea's* love is like a mine of wealth,  
Guarded by watchfull Dragons; there attend  
Legions of feares, and unrelenting thoughts,  
On the unvalued treasure.

*Phi.* I could wish you would expresse a more indul-  
gent care  
Towards your selfe: you see the angry King  
Griev'd for his daughters, and *Zelmanes* losse,  
Attempts what ever may invade your life;  
I shall endeavour your reconciliation with him; but my Lord,  
Farewell, I know you wait some opposite; I wish  
Your actions crown'd with a deserv'd successe.

*Exit Phi.*

*Amphialus.* Thus honest Lord engages my observance:  
how my fate  
Plays the fly tyrant with me, and involves

My thoughts in killing passions: flames meet flames  
 With equall resolution, and contend,  
 Like *Cadmus* earth-borne brothers to destroy  
 Each other by their fury; feare kills hope,  
 But a new rising from the former urne,  
 Takes vengeance on the murd'rer: wretched I  
 Live as to live were every houre to die.

*Enter Sapho. Aminta. Florida in mourning,  
 Parthenia after.*

A most sad apparition suiting well  
 The inward horror of my mind! this Knight  
 Sure should not be my enemy, he fights  
 Under my very colours; Noble youth,  
 If what your outward figure speake, does chalenge  
 Relation to your mind; I see no cause  
 We should indanger our mortalities  
 In this infortunate quarrell: there appears  
 So great an outward sympathy, it tels  
 My soule wee should not combat.

*Parth.* Teach your feares  
 This fruitlesse hope: I come not hither arm'd:  
 With resolution big as Fate, to part,  
 O'ecome with aeyry treaties; sooner thinke  
 To charme the Genius of the world to peace,  
 When earthquakes have affrighted it, than with  
 Well-worded eloquence, to decline the height  
 Of my wak'd wrath.

*Amph.* Sir, you promise  
 An Early conquest o're me, but there rests  
 In mee a manly pitty, would not staine  
 My conquering hands in your too innocent bloud;  
 I would not have your vertue, gentle youth,  
 Be like a toward Cedar overwhelm'd  
 By an outrageous tempest blasted ere



It come to full growth ; if for honors Cause,  
And to atcheive fame, you attempt my life,  
Let me desire you to employ your force  
On some lesse fortunate Warriour. I am loath  
To triumph in the guiltlesse spoiles of your  
Yet blooming honor.

*Par.* Read thy friends this dialect of cowardise :  
Know, to incense thee more, I'me one that hate  
Thy deare *Philoclea*, with so dire a spight,  
That I pronounce her one, who lives upon  
The spoile of innocent vertue, that has caus'd  
Guiltlesse effusion of more Noble blood,  
Than ever fill'd hers or your baser veines.

*Amph.* Then I see, you come to raile, and must chastise the  
You do inflict on her, whose spotlesse soule (wrong  
Is so much ignorant of the least guilt,  
It understands it not : recant this wrong  
Opinion of her purity, and leave off  
To wake an anger that had rather sleepe,  
Than rise to hurt you.

*Part.* I see then I must adde  
New truths to affright your cowardise: Your mistress  
Is the decay of more fame-worthy soules,  
Than she has hayrs or vaine bewitching looks  
T'inthrall your wanton passion: on your heart,  
My sword shall write this for a serious truth,  
And underneath it, that unworthy lie  
You have pronounc'd, in justifying her free  
From my just affirmation.

*Amph.* Feinds could never have so incens'd me, *Fight,*  
Blesse me! sure some Angel's entred *Her Helmet*  
Into armes against my unworthy selfe; *falls off.*  
Those golden locks, surely are *Pallas* head-tyre, or the Queen  
Of Love has masqued her selfe in *Mars* his shape,  
So to betray my lucklesse armie to slaughter  
Of the worlds exquisite beauty.

*Par.* Now my joy



Exceeds the greatest trophies: *Argalus*,  
 Me thinks I see him riding in a chariot drawn by Doves,  
 Cut the bright firmament, and there attend  
 My wish'd ascension.

*Amph.* Some mountaine that  
 Has stood the longest rage of time, unloose  
 Its stony roots; fall on me, that I never  
 May be on earth remembred; dearest Lady,  
 Looke up, and let me showre a floud of teares  
 Into your wounds; distraction seaze me; may I  
 Like some black prodigy contemn'd by light  
 Never be more distinguish'd.

*Part.* Nay my Lord,  
 Do not let passion discompose your thoughts.  
 You've done an office for me, that blots out  
 All my conceit of hatred: pray, forgive me,  
 I injur'd your *Philoclea*; arm'd for death,  
 I came to have it from that hand which slue  
 My *Argalus*; weepe not girles,  
 I do not need your moyst religious teares  
 To usher me to Heaven: Looke how an host  
 Of Sainted lovers on their turtles wings,  
 Conducted by my *Argalus*, approach  
 To waite me to Elisium; take my breath  
 That flies to thee on the pale wings of death,  
*Argalus*, O *Argalus*.

*Amph.* Can I retaine mortality, and behold  
 This impious act of my dire fate? this piece  
 Of new demolish'd Nature, were it plac'd  
 For its own Ivory figure on a Tombe  
 Of purest Alabaster, would be thought  
 One with the stones white substance: Maids, convey  
 Your Ladies body hence, while I depart  
 To find a grief out, that may breake my heart.

*Amin.* Haplesse Lady,  
 Let us resolve not to out-live her, but  
 Like constant servants, waite upon in death

*Dies.**Exit.*

Our



Our murd'red Mistris.

*Sapho.* Our poore lives cannot  
Redeeme her losse, nor pacify her ghost,  
For her late slaughter. I have compos'd  
An Elcgy on her death, and beauty: heare it.

*Happy Arabians, when your Phœnix dies  
In a sweet pile of fragrant spiceries,  
Out of the ashes of the Myrrhe-burn'd mother,  
That you may still have one, springs up another.  
Vnhappy we, since 'tis your Phœnix nature;  
Why could not ours our, only matchlesse Creature;  
Injoy that right? why from Parthenia's urne  
Should not Parthenia gloriously retorne?  
O, there's a reason: 'tis 'cause Natures store  
All spent on her, is now become too poore  
To frame her equall: so that on her Herse  
My trembling hand shall hang this funerall verse.*

*True love, and beauty, none can boast to have,  
They both are buried in Parthenia's grave,  
Who was loves, glories, beaunies, vertues pride,  
With her love, glory, vertue, beauty dyde.*

Now girles,  
Strow flowers upon the body, while our teares  
Imbalme her memory; and what ever cares  
Shall heare this story, may with Justice say,  
**None lov'd like Argalus and Parthenia.**

*F I N I S.*